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Thurſday Noon, being *Feb.* (26) $\frac{84}{05}$.

My deareſt Soul,

THou only preſerver of my Life, O thou Div—e Being, how can I pay Duty enough to thee for all thy immenſe Goodneſs to me thy poor Slave; no I am never able to requite Deareſt thee, if I ſhould continue theſe Thouſand Years; and yet, if thou makeſt good thy Promiſes, I ſhall go near to live a good part of them. I have now no farther doubt but that thou art reſolved to ſave me, therefore 'tis no matter how ſoon thy Tyrant knows I cannot Live without thee, for come Life, come Death, I muſt and will have thee, for thou art mine, and I ſhall die if I am much longer abſent from thee. Deareſt Angel, do'ſt wiſh thy ſelf with me? ah! thou may'ſt have me when ever thou pleaſes. O don't let me want what we both ſo much deſire, if it be thy bl—t will, for nothing can be Phyſick to cure my dying Body, but thy Div—e Preſence. 'Tis fine work thoſe Fellows *Rich.* and *Moody* intends to make; my Villain *Madley* ſhall pay dearly for his Inquiſitiveneſs, and being ſuch a Traitor to his Maſter; but aſſure thy ſelf 'tis only gueſſing, for I have examin'd the Boy, who proteſts he never ſaw nor knew he had a Letter, or to whom Directed; but I will deferr his puniſhment till I hear more from thee. Mrs. *Savory* may eaſily hinder them from finding out the Plates, by ſending them out of the Houſe, and then ſhe may ſay ſhe has them not: The Eſquire came here on *Friday* laſt when I was at *London*, my Mother *Eve* beg'd of him but to ſtay till I came home, which would be at Night; no not he, for he ſaid he had Sworn never to lye in the Houſe more, but declared he would ſpend a Thouſand Pounds in oppoſing my coming in for Parliament Man: He went away in a great rage, and told my Mother, he had a ridiculing Letter from an unknown Hand, who told him all that had paſs'd in his Abſence; I fear all for thee, nothing for my ſelf, for he is the pitifulleſt of Men where he cannot domineer. By the Love thou beareſt me, ſuffer him not to ſtrike or abuſe thy Di—e Perſon, without giving me ſpeedy notice of it; I claim this Juſtice of thee, thou being my better Part, and know I ſhall die with Grief, as well as Abſence, if I ſhould live in dread of his beating thee, and thou not Advertiſe me of it; I hope thou wilt not do ſo cruel a thing to thy faithful Lover: No doubt but his Worſhip brought home his delicate Humor to thee on *Saturday* Night, he ſpent moſt of that Day at *Mid——t*, making all he could againſt me; he together with his *Myrmidons*, has ſpread abroad that I was not at the Charge of getting them their Ch——r, and a great many ſuch ſilly nonſenſical Lies, he being, thou knoweſt, good at them. I ſent *Ch——s* to the Burgers on *Monday*, and he is not yet return'd, ſo can give thee no accompt what Lord *Mount—*, the Town, and Mr. *Alcock* ſays, for I writ to them all, I hear that ſome of the Burgers ſtickle very much for me; I will get it if poſſible, only if it be but to diſturb my Deſtroyer. Deareſt, there is no fear of his taking my Letters to thee, if our dear friend will be ſure to let her truſty Maid be at the *Poſt-houſe*, on *Fridays* as ſoon as the Letters come in, becauſe he can have no way of coming at them, but to get the Poſt-Maſter to give him or his

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Agents any Letters Directed to our Friend, till he finds one; but if she takes this course, 'tis impossible for him to intercept a Letter, therefore pray discourse it with her. Then for thy blest ones to me, never fear their being open'd; send a Packet if thou pleases, there's no danger. I wonder not at all at the Insolency of *R——n*. Thy Tyrant, and my Destroyer, intends to make all so to thee that he can, but blessing on thy dear Heart, his Reign is but short; and since my Life depends upon thy Divine Promise, let me once more, before I end this Scrible, beseech thee on my bended Knees to remember what I tell thee, that I cannot promise thee to secure my Life to thee long, if I continue thus deprived of thee, and my Destroyer is contriving all the ways he can invent to keep me from thee; he knows it will kill me, and that he knows is the safest way to be rid of me. 'Tis only by thee and from thee I can receive my Life, and thou my Divinity can frustrate his, and all their cruelties to me; and since 'tis so, I fear nothing, thou art my G—d, and I pray and praise thee every Day, by whose blest Promises and Mercy I Live, and my Days will not be long enough to express to dear thee my Gratitude for thy saving me thy poor Slave; but while I Breath, thou shalt see me attend thee with the purest Love, the vastest Obedience, and the greatest Reverence that can or ever was paid by Man. Ah! dearest Life, what can I return thee for all thy Benefits bestowed upon me thy poor Creature? only a Heart brim-full of Love and Admiration of thee, the which will continue so for ever, being I am thine, and only thine, thou hast been pleased to accept of so mean a Gift, for which be pleased to accept of the most humblest Thanks and eternal Adoration of thy most Dutiful and Affectionate Hus. On *Monday* Night *N—d Th——d* and Three Men coming from *London*, all very drunk, one *Sy—n*, the best of them, fell into our Gravel-Pit, and was drowned, the Night being very dark, and it being about the hour of Twelve; This comes of drunkenness. Thy dear Sister is to be Married on *Shrove-Tuesday*, and at Night to be laid upon her back as flat as a Pancake, and no doubt will give and receive a curious time on't. *Ch——s* is just come in, and brings me in an account what Opposition there is against me made by my Lord, the Esquire, and Sir *W——m M——y*, but find all that were Bayliffs and above Thirty are for me; I intend to come down once more amongst them, and try how far it will go; next Week I tell thee more. God Almighty keep me in thy blest Favour, 'tis no matter what becomes of this Affair.

Sir W. Knox's *Letter to his Mistress in the Country.*

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